

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

WAS ONCE CHOKED HERE.

Topeka's First Salvationist, Now of Burlington, Attends the Hallelujah Wedding.

Among the interested spectators from a distance who attended the Salvation Army wedding at Hamilton hall last evening, was H. R. Baker of Burlington, Kan., who possesses the distinction of having done the first Salvation Army work in Kansas.

Eight years ago Captain Baker, as he was then called, started on the mission of salvation in Topeka all alone. He held street corner meetings and accepted the jeers of the street toughs with becoming christian fortitude. He occasionally held meetings in the old Banner hall on Kansas avenue between Fifth and Sixth streets. They were not attended by earnest christian people, however, and he had a hard time, his meetings being broken up several times. Twice he was arrested as a disturber of the public peace and at one time while on trial he knelt down and prayed in the court room. "For this," he said last night, "I was choked almost insensible by a burly policeman who is now in your county jail on charge of violating the prohibitory law."

The policeman referred to is said by people who remember the incident to be Pete Callahan.

Mr. Baker is no longer connected with the Salvation Army. He withdrew from the army some time ago to join the Baptist church and is now doing missionary work over the state.

SHOULDER DISLOCATED.

A. D. Wilson of Troy, Kansas, in the City Jail Hospital.

A. D. Wilson who claims Troy, Kansas, as his home, was in the city jail hospital last night with a dislocated shoulder. He was on his way home from the Cherokee strip, he said, and had ridden from Marion on a Rock Island freight train last night. He was on the top of a box car and just before he got to Topeka he slipped while the train was running and fell on the car with such force as to dislocate his left shoulder.

When he got to Topeka he got off the train with the assistance of the brakeman and told his story to Officer Cunningham, who sent for the patrol wagon and had him conveyed to the jail.

He suffered considerably during the night and City Physician Hibben was called to attend him this morning.

The shoulder was reset and the man left for his home at Troy this afternoon.

It was the second time, he said, that he had had the same shoulder dislocated.

"LOUD MOUTHED POPS."

Reading of a Letter Using That Phrase Stopped at Southern Convention.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—The Southern Development Co. meeting was called to order in Willard's hall by Samuel Blackwell of Alabama.

A temporary organization was affected by the election of Samuel Blackwell as temporary chairman and T. L. Barrett of West Virginia temporary secretary.

Letters of regret were read from Vice President Stevenson, Secretary Herbert and others.

A letter from B. H. Warner, president of the Washington board of trade, made an allusion to "loud mouthed Populists" who were injuring the south, but the reading of the letter was stopped on the remonstrance of a delegate who said that politics was out of order.

All the southern members present were admitted as delegates and business men from other sections admitted to seats on the floor.

The temporary organization was made permanent. One vice president from each state was elected on nomination of state delegations.

DON'T INDOSE THE POPS.

Georgia Republicans are Instructed Not to Amalgamate With Democrats However.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 30.—The Republican state convention which met here yesterday at 11 o'clock, did not effect a permanent organization until late in the afternoon. A fight soon sprung up over the nomination of a state ticket.

After many speeches, it was resolved not to put out a Republican ticket. The proposition to endorse the Populist candidates was defeated. Resolutions were adopted however, that they must not enter Democratic primaries or caucuses.

The platform endorses the Minneapolis platform of 1892, declares for a liberal pension policy, a protective tariff, an increase in the currency, in favor of the Nicaragua canal, the cotton state exposition and against lynching; favors the coinage of all the available silver product of American mines; demands that party be maintained, and denounces the Democratic party for its hostility to silver.

The convention then adjourned.

LOCAL MENTION.

A Populist meeting to be addressed by Mrs. Johnson of Pennsylvania, and R. J. Sloan will be held on the state house steps tonight.

Two daughters were born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster last Tuesday. One lived ten hours and the other but seven. They were buried yesterday afternoon in the Topeka cemetery.

Denver and Return, Santa Fe Route. Tickets sold September 1, 2 and 3, good to return including September 10, and good to stop off at any point between Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver, inclusive.

Try Topeka Drug Co. Under Opera House, for a good smoke.

HIGHWAY AND BYWAY

Furnished the Wedding Guests at Hamilton Hall.

WHERE A COUPLE WAS WEDDED

With the Customary Salvation Army Ceremonies Last Night—A Big Crowd Present.

At least 800 people were drawn to Hamilton hall last night to see the much talked of "hallelujah wedding." The admission charged was twenty-five cents.

The parade was the first thing on the evening's programme, but it was late and did not get around till after 8 o'clock. Kansas avenue was crowded and the parade attracted a great deal of attention.

It was led by Major Sully, who has charge of the work in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, and Staff Captain McFarland of Dallas, who is the staff manager of the work in Texas. They were followed by the Salvation Army band, which consisted of six men with a concertina, banjos, guitars and drums. Next came the eighteen women dressed in the regulation army costume and wearing sashes made of red, white and blue stuff.

After the women came the twelve men in uniform and part in citizens' dress.

They sang to the accompaniment of the band and occasionally, on command of the major, "fired a volley," which consisted of a united "Amen."

At the hall a large crowd awaited the procession and it marched upon the stage singing Salvation Army songs to the tune of "Nelly Gray."

When they were all seated on the stage a "volley" was fired. The women all retained their big black bonnets and each one had a "War-Cry" to fan herself with.

The orchestra sat in the middle of the stage and while the audience was getting itself ready to see the event of the evening it played "Gung back to Dixie" after which the Salvationists joined in singing "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

The groomsmen and maids marched in to the music of the tambourines and the clapping of hands and took their places. The bride and groom to be sat near the center of the stage in the first row.

All on the stage then knelt and Major McFarland asked the blessing of God upon the assemblage and the event about to take place. Without rising the Salvationists then sang "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and the big audience involuntarily joined in the chorus. Major Sully then offered up a prayer and the army rose.

The audience was then favored with a song by Captains Williams and Cromwell and Lieutenant Hurkey, who accompanied themselves on stringed instruments. The song was to the well known music of "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon," and the words began "Everybody has a Savior." The chorus began as follows:

"My Jesus will be your best friend,
His favors will nevermore end, etc."

Major Sully then arose and spoke to the audience. He said, we are not going to have a funeral tonight. (Cries from the army of "No No.") This is a joyous occasion and we mean to make it so. I am glad to see so many ladies out this evening. They are in the majority. God bless 'em. I see many of you are happy and smiling. Give 'em another verse, boys, and let's all smile.

The two women sang and Major Sully continued: "The couple that was married at Kansas City last night are here. I would like to hear from them, and I move that they get up and tell us how they are getting along so far."

Captain Hoyt, who was the bridegroom at Kansas City, then came forward.

He said among many other things pertaining to the army work: "I have been married twenty-four hours, and so far see nothing but happiness. I am enjoying myself." Major Sully here interrupted him with the remark, "I guess so," and the audience was delighted.

Mrs. Hoyt sang a Salvation Army song and at the close another volley was fired.

Major Sully: "I think the best thing we can do now is to get down to the business of the evening. I will read you the service we have. Hello, I've got the funeral service by mistake. When we do anything in the army we do it with one might and I am going to let these people up so tight that they will never be able to get loose." (Cheers from the audience.)

Captain McFarland then read a few verses from the Bible and another volley of "amens" was fired after which the army sang its favorite song, "The Lily of the Valley," which is simply "My Little Garden Home" with different words, and some of the audience helped swell the chorus.

Major Sully came forward and read the marriage service of the Salvationists. It is, of course, very similar to that used by others, excepting that it is much longer and binds the couple to the Salvation work for life and takes it into account even before their own happiness.

He then called the bride and groom forward, and they stood beneath the flags of the army and of the United States. The bride wore the blue dress of the Salvation Army, embellished only by the white wedding sash and a bunch of white roses. The groom wore his uniform of a captain of the army. There was nothing nervous about the ceremony. The pledge was administered, each repeating it as it was read. They then joined hands and the major repeated the customary service after which the groom placed the ring on the finger of his bride.

There was a breathless wait of expectancy and the little bride slipped her arms about the neck of her new found husband and kissed him squarely on the mouth.

The drums beat, the army "fired a volley," and the audience waived its handkerchiefs and cheered itself almost hoarse.

There was a little more singing and story telling then and the reception began. Nearly everybody in the hall went forward and shook hands with the bride and groom.

The ice cream was then served, the wedding couple occupied a table of honor. For the present they will reside in Kansas City where the groom is stationed.

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A MAN WHO YEARNED

AND JUMPIN JOE OF CHEROKEE SATISFIES IT.

The Humble and Down Hearted Stranger Desired to Play With the Picture Cards, and Jumpin Joe Descended to His Level For a Brief While—The Result.

I was perusing my way to the town of Roomerville, wherein I had bin told were many disconsolate critters waitin fur me to arrive with my Cherokee sassy-purly and Magic cement, when I meets with a human bein sittin in front of a shanty. Thar was a look on his face which aroused my sympathies, and as I drawed nigh I sez to him:

"Feller man, thar is no rose without its thorn, not even in Cherokee, but the light of vachew is a sartin guide through this wilderness of life."

"Mebbe that same light is a-guidin o ye jest at present?" he sez as he looks me over.

"Yes, I'm a-follerin it to the best of my humble endeavors."

"Then I'm disappointed agin."

"As to how?"

"Stranger," he sez in a voice broken with the onrush of his feelings, "didst ever hear of the game of poker?"

"I didst. It is a game that men with guile in their hearts play with keards on which pictur's ar' printed. If I mistake not, they make use of sich sinful terms as 'callin,' 'bluffin,' 'raisin' and 'layin down.'"

"Hev ye any guile in yer heart?" sez the man, speakin in a more hopeful way.

"As to which?"

"As to gittin off that boss and sittin down here for a game of poker."

"It's agin the rules of vachew."

"I know it, but I'm askin ye in the name of humanity. Stranger, I'm a discouraged, downhearted kuss what's far from home and feelin that life han't with the livin. It's yer livin, boundin dooty to cheer me up and drive away these clouds of sorrow and despair."

"If I was sartin the finger of dooty p'inted that way, I might be willin."

"She's a-pluffin, stranger, a-pluffin right at me, and if ye'll only listen a minit ye'll hear a still, small voice a-tellin of ye to get down and comfort the orphan and the fatherless. I've bin in Cherokee seven long weeks and han't found a critter who'd take a hand at a game of poker. I call and call, but I call in vain. I git up with a swellin of the heart, and I go to sleep with a yerrin of the soul, and door in the middle of the day I realize that life is cold and vain and selfish."

"I am on a mishun," sez I, hesitin to depart from the straight and narrow path marked out fur myself.

"And han't that mishun connected with the happiness of yer feller man?" sez he.

"She ar'. I'm a-seekin to make the world better by interdocin a sassy-purly of my own inven-shun, warranted to restore the vital enthosiassm of my feller critters if they han't bin dead too long, and whar they don't want the sassy-purly I'm speakin 'woudst go \$50?"

"Mebbe ye'd better take a dose of my remedy fur busted hopes and achin heartstings."

"Durn yer remedy!" sez he as his eyes filled with tears of sadness. "It's poker or nuthin, and if ye luv yer feller man and woudst make the world better git down and cheer my sorrowin soul."

I got down, and he spread out a blankit and produced a deck of keards. From the way he handled 'em I had a dim auspishun that he was a sinful man, but the feelin no sooner appeared than I crushed it out.

"I'm a-feelin like a new man already!" sez the stranger as he dealt out the hands.

"It must be nice to hev a mishun and to go through life seekin to make yer feller critters happy of heart."

"It is bootiful," sez I as I took notice that he had given me a pair of jacks in the five cards dealt out. "When a mortal kin lie down in his dugout at night and realize that he has made even one feller critter more happy than he was the day before, his reward is soft and soothin."

Then we played the sinful game of poker for a brief interval, and the lonesome, longin stranger explained to me that he had won \$5 of my money. Thar was sich a look of happiness in his eyes that I did not argy the pint.

"How nice that the finger of dooty p'inted ye in this direckshun!" he said as he watched me dealin the keards and realized that I was like unto a lertle child.

"Dooty, truth and vachew ar' ever p'intin me," sez I as I felt in my soul that I had given him three aces and only got a pair of queens fur myself.

Then we indulged in that game which bitteth like a scarpin, and when we had played our hands out he announced that he had won \$25 from me. He hadn't won it through any selfish motive, but simply to help me to ower-

HE SAT AND REFLECTED: tribute to the general happiness of mankind. Way down in his heart he was full of sorrow fur my childlike ignerence of the game of poker, but he didn't want to harrer up my feelin's by sayin so.

"I hev heard," he said as he dealt the keards agin, "that integrity is the father of success."

"She be," sez I as I found four aces and a 10 spot in my humble hands, "and

truth is the mother of conscience. It seems to me that I hev a hand to bet on."

"Woudst go \$50?" he asks, with a smile of blandness.

"I think I kin be persuaded."

"And yer hoss agin mine?"

"I might be tempted."

"And yer gun and yer watch, and them bottles of Cherokee sassy-purly agin my claim?"

"If it woudn't lead me into the path of wickedness."

Then we bluffed and talked and laid down our hands. He had three kings and was reachin out fur the wealth with a confidence that tched my heart when I revealed my four aces, which kin only be beaten by a royal flush, as I hev read in that sinful voluin of Hoyle. Fur two minits that despairin and sorrowful hearted stranger, who had bin waitin fur the finger of dooty to pint sum critter in his direckshun, had nuthin to remark. Then he sez to me:

"Stranger, as ye rides away leadin my hoss and a-carryin my gun and my \$50 and the title of this yere claim, will ye now and then gin a thought to the critter who sized ye up fur a yearlin infant at the game of poker?"

"I will," sez I, "and as the night falls upon the arth and the dew descendeth I will fondly hope and believe that his loss is my gain, and that out of the shadder cometh the sunshine."

And while he sat and reflected on the mutability of all things airthly I gathered up the relics of his yerrin and his sorrow and cantered away to bring balm to some other critter's sorrowin heart.

Advice to a Bank.
A very seedy man strolled into an Austin bank the other day during business hours, and going up to a window where he saw a clerk counting a package of bills nodded pleasantly and said:

"Still a hand-in of it?"

"Yes," replied the clerk, "still crowdin it on to people."

"Ain't you a little too handy here right on the main street?" asked the stranger.

"How so?"

"Strangers passin along and seelin your sign so perspicuouslike are liable to step in and try to borrow money, ain't they?"

"Rather liable."

"I thought so. Must take up a good deal of time waitin on 'em."

"Yes, it's some bother, but a bank must be accommodated."

"Folks drop in and borrow what money they want, I suppose, and then go away and forget all about it. Awful careless some folks are about borrowed money."

"Yes, they are."

"Shouldn't keep your bank so cins to the sidewalk. Men gin by see you countin money, and that makes them think they lack a litt to see 'em through, so they just steps in and borrows of you, don't you see?"

"And you hate to refuse. Don't want to hurt their feelin's, and so they get away with you. Some mighty mean folks in this world. Now, I woudn't do it."

"You don't look as though you woud."

"No, sir, I never borrowed a cent of no bank that I didn't pay."

"I'll bet you didn't," said the clerk, with emphasis.

"Now, if I was runnin a bank I woudn't have it on the main street. I'd keep it back in some alley where there wan't so many strangers passin. What, only 10 cents?"

"Yes, only 10 cents today. You see, there have been so many strangers in ahead of you this mornin that our funds are runnin low. Ta. Ta. Don't trouble yourself to send it back in a registered letter. When the bank wants it, the bank will notify you. Goodby."

And the seedy man departed.—Texas Siftings.

HE WAS CAUGHT.

"Hello, old boy, you are the very chap I wanted to see," said one Pittsburgher to another. "I was just coming to look you up."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing much. You know that I have accepted a position with the Unlimited Trust and Confidence company, don't you?"

"Yes, I'd heard of it."

"Well, I have to give bonds with two bondsmen. I've secured one, and you'll do for the other. That's what I wanted to see you about. Just step into the office a minute and prepare to swear that you are worth \$10,000."

"I'm sorry, awfully sorry," replied the other man, who did not want to go on the bond. "but it is impossible. I'm not worth \$10,000. If it was \$5,000 or \$7,000 I could accommodate you, and I'd do it cheerfully, but \$10,000 is beyond my wealth."

"Did I say \$10,000?"

"Yes."

"Then I made a mistake. Five thousand is the right figure. Just step in here and be qualified."

The other reluctantly stepped in.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Its Fault.

They hovered about the edge of the crowded ballroom secured one of the presented itself to their gaze.

"What," asked the large mosquito with a florid complexion in a hoarse whisper, "do you think of the taste of that girl in the cream satin with heliotrope trimmings?"

The mosquito with the pale, intellectual cast of countenance shook his head sadly.

"Decidedly truckish, it struck me," he replied.

A blare from the orchestra rendered further conversation quite out of the question.—Detroit Tribune.

Americanism.

The superintendent of a mission school was approached the other day by a pupil who had "viewed with alarm" the growing number of Italian children.

"Please, sir," she said, "we do not like to have so many foreigners join the school."

"Ah—yes—yes," replied the diplomatic superintendent. "H'm—where were you born?"

"In Sweden, sir."—Hartford Post.

Had a Right to the Amusement.

"I hear," said the good old minister kindly, "that you have been playing in games of cards for money."

"Well, I had a right to," sadly responded the young parishioner. "It was all my money that was played for."—Indianapolis Journal.

Special Pattern Needed.

Maud—But why doesn't the catcher use a glove with fingers instead of that bag? George—They don't make gloves to fit his style of fingers.—New York World.

PRAISED WHEREVER KNOWN, BRINGS

Health and Happiness

WHEREVER USED.

LION NERVE TONIC RESTORATIVE.

IT BUILDS UP the prostrated nervous system—dissipates insomnia—cures back ache—banishes effectually headache, and pernicious reflexes the distressing effects of irregular heart action.

Mrs. C. E. Ferrister, of Denver, Col.—whose portrait is here shown—says of it: "A thousand thanks to Lion Nerve Tonic Restorative. From a nervously prostrated suffering woman, whose life was almost despaired of, I have been restored to perfect health. No more insomnia, backache, headache, or irregular heart action. If my present health continues, shall be the happiest mother in the east."

May be had of all druggists. \$1.00 per Bottle, 5 Bottles \$5.00, 12 bottles \$10.00, delivered in your town.

LION NERVE TONIC CO., Kansas City, Mo.

THOUSANDS WILL PARADE.

Labor Day Parade in New York Will be Made a Big Thing.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—It is expected the Labor Day parade in this city which the Central union will have this year will be the largest parade for eight years and as this is the first year in which the day will be celebrated as a national holiday, many unions will parade for the first time. The number of unions that have decided to parade is very large.

Principal among those with their relative strength are: Typographical union, No. 6, 5, 5, 0; Amalgamated Painters' union, 2, 00; Cigar-makers union, 3,000; Journeymen Tailors' union, 3,000.

LAWYERS IN COURT.

A Great Deal of Miscellaneous Civil Business in the District Court.

Nearly every one of the 125 lawyers in Topeka have spent the larger part of today in the district court. It is general motion day and the last session of the court this month. Another session will be held Saturday, September 1st, to dispose of what business is left over from today.

The big lawyers whose business in court involves thousands of dollars come and go as their business demands. The young and inexperienced lawyers stay there the whole time to get practical ideas in court practice.

Judge Hazen appeared to be greatly refreshed by his fishing expedition to Excelsior Springs and rushed through the motion docket with great zeal.

The case of McClintock against the Knights of Columbia was thrown out of court, the permanent injunction being denied.

In the case of Cameron vs. Wasson, the demurrer was sustained.

The motion for a new trial was overruled in the case of Lonsell vs. Wintride.

An injunction was denied in the case of German Insurance company vs. Stephens & Evans.

Motions are also being argued in the cases of the Colored Third Missionary Baptist church, the McAlpine-Tourtellot case, and the case of the Thompson Hardware company against Holliday.

WANTS TO KILL SATOLLI.

A Crank in New York Would Kill the Papal Delegate.

NEW YORK, Aug. 30.—Edward Stolz, a supposed lun